
AMBER FOSSEY

& Other Beasts



the pound project.

small change, one story at a time.

The Pound Project is an independent publisher based in the UK. Established in Birmingham by writer JP Watson, the company campaigns to put the value of the arts first. This is the 20th title in the movement. More information about the company's ethos, products and services can be found at www.poundproject.co.uk.

You can call Amber Fossey an artist, author or Zeppelinmoon and she will answer, unless she is pretending to be a bear. This is her third book following on from *Be Wild Be Free* (Harper Collins, 2020) and *Under Orion* (The Pound Project, 2021). You can find her in a cave in South-East England, looking for honey.

AMBER FOSSEY

& Other Beasts

the pound project.

small change, one story at a time.

THE VERY GROUCHY PORCUPINE & OTHER BEASTS

BOOK TWO

First edition published in the UK in 2023 by:

The Pound Project Ltd
49 Greenfield Road
Birmingham
B17 0EP

Copyright © 2023 Amber Fossey and The Pound Project.

The right of Amber Fossey to be identified as the author of this work has been asserted in accordance with Copyright, Designs and Patents Act, 1988.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopy, recording, or any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher.

Book design and logos on front cover, inside pages and back cover:

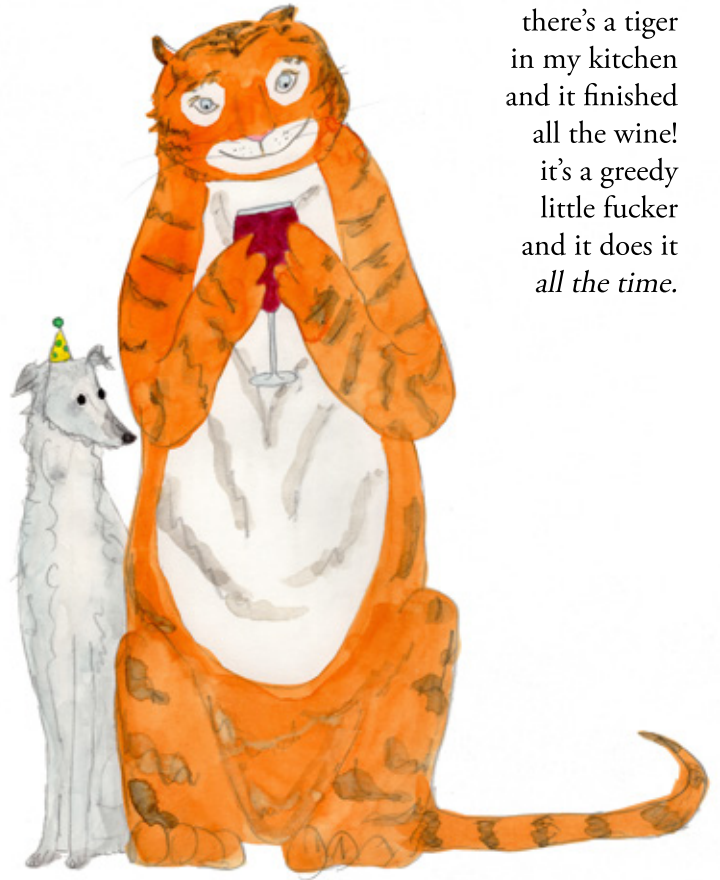
Copyright © 2023 The Pound Project.

Printed in the UK by Tuckey Print Ltd.

There's A Tiger In My Kitchen

(a parody of The Tiger Who Came To Tea by Judith Kerr)





there's a tiger
in my kitchen
and it finished
all the wine!
it's a greedy
little fucker
and it does it
all the time.

i only let it in
coz it was scratching
at the door.
he moaned about
a heavy week
and then held out
his paw.



i pointed at the clock
as it seemed early to raise hell.
“it’s 5 o’ clock somewhere!”
he roared, and gargled zinfandel.

he rummaged
in the cupboards
for dusty pimm's and rum,
long forgotten limoncello
curdled in his orange tum.

i wasn't sure
about the sloe gin
nanna made in '97.
he laughed
into a shot glass
"they drink worse things
in prison".





the kitchen
was a crime scene,
not a glacé cherry spared.
i'll never let him in again!
i solemnly do swear.

Pineapple





gifted to someone
who needed it more,



someone who'd spent
too long on the floor.



gathered into his arms,
tiny rustling palms



and they sat in sweet silence,
considering -

whether dreams come true
if you ask them to,





whether strange is strange
or merely new,

whether all great things
meet a sticky end



and whether it's right
to eat a friend?

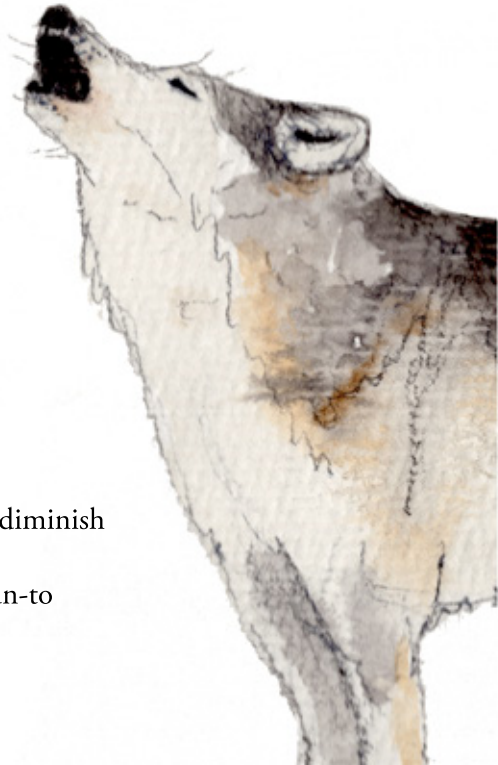


Queen Bitch



so you call me bitch
as though you can take down
her royal lioness
with a cat call





as though you can diminish
the prowess
of she-who-they-run-to
by tossing lemons



as though you can ravage
our lady of the highlands
the lowlands
and all the otherfucking lands
from down there

next time you dare to
call me by my wild name,
get it right.
it's Queen Bitch, baby.



Free Hugs



would you hug me
if i'm cold
and recoil at your touch?



would you love me
if i hated you
and told you just as much

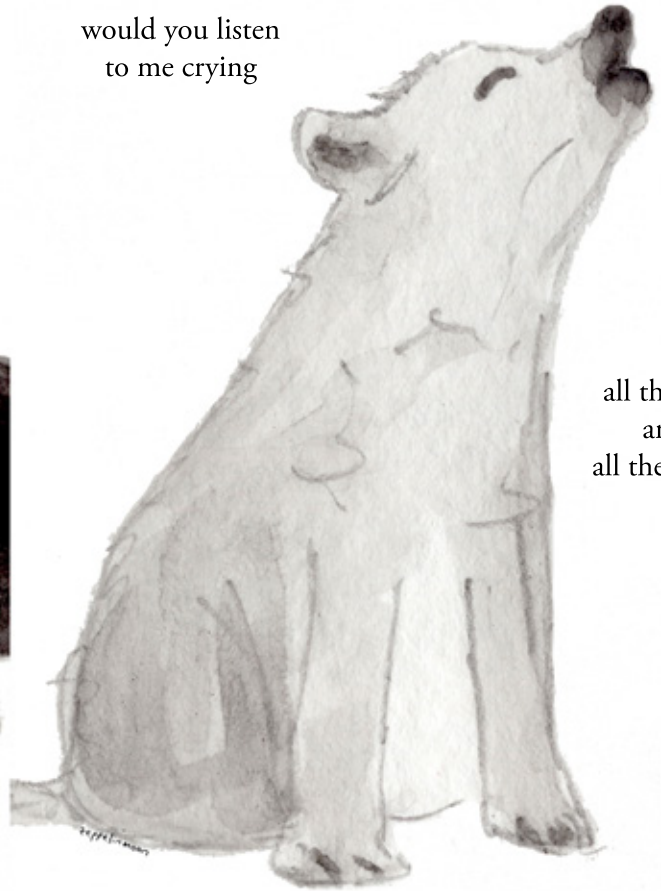


would you take my hand
and hold on
while i run the other way

would you like me
if i hiss at you
and won't come out to play



would you listen
to me crying



all the day
and
all the night

would you tolerate my bark
and ask me why
i want to bite



would you find me
where i'm hiding
would you see me
in the dark





would you pick me from a line-up,
would you say i stole your heart?



The Two Potoos



Potoo had too much to do.
All the things were tumbling out his brain
like popcorn.



So he asked Potoo-Two for assistance.



“I’m sorry Potoo,
I can’t help you
with the things to do,
for I am far too busy”

Potoo-Two did not *look* busy.
In fact, he looked very under-tasked.

“My busyness is internal”
declared Potoo-Two with no eyes open.





The Things-To-Do pile
was giving Potoo
the jiggles.

So he paced a bit,
shuffled things a bit,
and rearranged his priorities.
Now all the things were
Equally Important
and heckling him in unison.

Potoo-Two remained detached and relaxed
in an irritating fashion,
while Potoo flapped around him
screeching “halp!” sporadically.



All at once,
Potoo-Two looked lively and declared;
“i applied brain waves
to your problem
and they baked an answer-pie”





Potoo clapped his flaps eagerly.

Potoo-Two continued:
“If you do
all of the things
tomorrow,
then you will have
no thing
to do today!
except enjoy being Potoo”



Potoo mulled this over carefully,
because thinking was not his favourite,
but he liked the sound of being!



So off they trot,
the two Potoos,
to do absolutely nothing.



BEFORE YOU GO

The quickest way to remember that the world is a beautiful place is to go and look at a horse. You can drive through miles and miles of green and pleasant land and still feel dead inside. But it's difficult to remain steadfastly miserable when faced with 18 cows. The small delight of shouting "sheep!" out a car window is not to be sniffed at. And these are just the tippy-toes of the dopamine feeder the birds left out for us in case of inclement mental weather.

The horse has big fluttery baby eyes, yes it does, and the cow goes moo moo moo and we do moos back. Easy to love! But the buzzers and the creepers with their tiny rage and bleak wardrobe have their own less mainstream brand of magic. As far as comforting presence goes, they are prolific. You're never alone when you look under the bed! They ask for nothing and give us the world. Notice the fly – a one syllable wonder living out all our lucid fantasies. Imagine riding on his back! The things we would see.

When everything up top looks abominable, look down. There is always roly-poly treasure wriggling in the dirt, grubby little dreamers just like you and me, wondering what's for tea.



The following pages
contain artworks drawn
especially for this book as prizes.
We have Scout, who loves to sniff the sky,
with a Madagascan moon moth.
Scout belongs to Alana.
Please also meet Steve the Sproodle,
who belongs to Kirsty.
Huge thanks to everyone
who supports my work and shares
their beautiful animal friends with me.

you are
the boop of a snout





you are my one sure thing

That's ya lot!



the pound project.

small change, one story at a time.

For more of The Pound Project's latest news, writer interviews, and information on how to get involved with the campaigns, go to:

www.poundproject.co.uk

To purchase any of our products, including tickets to our exclusive events, to join our mailing list, or to subscribe to the next editions, please visit:

www.poundproject.co.uk/about

Follow us on social media:

[@_pound_project](#)



www.poundproject.co.uk